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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE should always give both the old and new address, in full

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued, annually, as a four page tract adapted to seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20 for a LOAN LIBRARY may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

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The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:—

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.



Vol. 69,

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 11.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

In mid Atlantic are its mazes spread,
Wide as the basin of our kingly stream;
Barred of all hope which hitherward has led
Do vessels snared within its meshes seem.
Columbus, first to thread this weedy sea,
Thought he had reached here navigation's bound,
But pushing boldly on till all was free,
At length the longed-for, unknown Land he found.
In life's mid-ocean heaves a sea of doubt;
Wise are the souls that past it learn to steer,
Yet tangled there, who toiling struggle out,
Finding once more the ocean's pathway clear,
Look back in triumph on Sargasso passed,
And, though belated, reach the Land at last!

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—
 The people of the sky,—
 Guests in white raiment coming down
 From heaven, which is close by;
 I call them by familiar names,
 As one by one draws nigh.
 So white, so light, so spirit-like,
 From violet mists they bloom!
 The aching wastes of the unknown
 Are half reclaimed from gloom,
 Since on life's hospitable sea
 All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
 With nothing else in sight;
 Its east and west, its north and south,
 Spread out from morn to night;
 We miss the warm, caressing shore,
 Its brooding shade and light.
 A part is greater than the whole;
 By hints are mysteries told.
 The fringes of eternity,—
 God's sweeping garment-fold,
 In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
 I reach out for and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
 Float in upon the mist;
 The waves are broken precious stones,—
 Sapphire and amethyst
 Washed from celestial basement walls,
 By suns unsetting kissed.
 Out through the utmost gates of space,
 Past where the gray stars drift,
 To the widening Infinite, my soul
 Glides on, a vessel swift,
 Yet loses not her anchorage
 In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
 The threshold of God's door
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
 Now the vast temple floor,
 The blinding glory of the dome
 I bow my head before.
 Thy universe, O God, is home,
 In height or depth, to me;
 Yet here upon thy footstool green
 Content am I to be;
 Glad when is opened to my need
 Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE Wilmington (N. C.) Port Society is in need of books and pamphlets and also of illustrated magazines for its Reading Room. In making an appeal to the generous for a supply of these to be sent directly to the care of that Society, Wilmington, N. C., it is proper to say that the gift will be a help to those who help themselves, for, under the leadership of Mr. JAMES SPRUNT, a liberal giver, Wilmington made a fine reputation among seamen for its Reading Room.

THE Rev. E. C. CHARLTON, of the Gloucester Fishermen's Institute, has undertaken to collect money to build and equip a mission-boat to cruise among the seventeen thousand fishermen of the New England coast. Like the mission-boats in the North Sea, this vessel will carry a medical man and a missionary, and will have a saloon for religious services and hospital wards for sick and injured seamen. Mr. CHARLTON will take charge of the boat on her first voyage, which he is fully competent to do, as he was long a sailor before he became a chaplain to seamen. The press of New England is seconding his efforts with

much enthusiasm. The treasury of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is not in a condition to afford this new enterprise the help it needs, but the SAILORS' MAGAZINE has more than once suggested the propriety of starting it, and in the March number, 1893, one of the trustees of this Society, Rev. Dr. HENRY M. BOOTH, published an article appealing to the public to give a mission-boat to the fishermen on the Grand Banks. After the boat is secured it will require about \$4,000 per annum to pay its running expenses. The friends of this work must therefore be numerous, generous and persistent. It is a great undertaking resting on Mr. CHARLTON, and it will require much prayer, effort, money and time to make it a success.

IN this issue appear extracts from seamen's letters to chaplain J. M. HARMON, of Kobe, Japan. Such letters are often printed, for two reasons: they show the pastoral care of the chaplain, and they reveal often a deep Christian experience in the sailor, and therefore they edify and comfort Christian readers. The Rev. Dr. JONES, emeritus chaplain of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, during his active career wrote more than 18,200 letters to seamen, and, as this Magazine has often shown, still hears now and then from old men who were converted or strengthened through the agency of his correspondence. Chaplains who shirk the labor of letter-writing—of such chaplains there must be very few—lose a large amount of comfort, and miss a great opportunity of usefulness.

To the Misses DELANY, of the Catharine Slip Mission, of New York, many of these letters come, and the following sentences from them show what good work is done in that mission, let us rather say, what perfect work the Holy Spirit does in that mission. One sailor writes from South Africa "I am on the Lord's side yet. Please let me know if any more men are getting converted in the meetings." Another writes from South Africa "I shall certainly turn to the places in *the Book* you mention, but to-day we are working hard at the anchors; to-night I will squeeze time to look." A sailor saved in this mission four years ago writes "Are many sailors coming to the meetings? If so, tell them that God can save to the uttermost. You know that I often came into your meetings intoxicated, but God in His great mercy convicted me of sin and judgment to come." Another, a stoker on a steamer, writes "I got the second engineer into my room and asked him to be reconciled to God. After a long time he did, so we got down on our knees and thanked God. Pray for us, that we may shake the whole ship."

Pray for the Catharine Slip Mission, pray for every sailor.

As this Magazine goes to press tidings come of the death of Mr. THOS. MCCARTHY, our missionary at Buenos Ayres. Notice the warm words of appreciation of his life and work in the report of this event by Mr. FOSTERJOHN on another page of this number.

LOAN LIBRARIES. The captain of the schooner *Annie F. Kimball* writes of No. 9,214:

We have all enjoyed it very much and trust the one in return will be appreciated as much.

The master of the brigantine *Union* writes of No. 9,586:

My several crews seemed to read the books with interest, and apart from any pronounced spiritual awakening, I am sure that many of the tedious hours unavoidably spent on board ship were made to pass pleasantly, thus making them more content as well as benefitting them mentally. As for the after-guard, we really enjoyed the books, and our prayer is that your good Society may ever see their way to continue this good work.

The master of the barkentine *Glenafton* writes of No. 10,028:

I have read with great pleasure the library, also distributed the books among my seamen, and I can say they were both interesting and instructive.

The mate of the bark *Daisy Read* writes of No. 10,071:

It gave great satisfaction to officers and crews; the only fault was there were not enough books in it; I guess every book that was in it was read through twice. I am pleased that the old one has been replaced by another, and I guess it will be thoroughly appreciated.

The carpenter of the ship *Kenilworth* writes of No. 10,343:

We wish to mention to you the interest taken by the members of the crew in reading the very interesting books placed on board one year ago; more especially would I mention those relating to historical subjects and books of travels, which were much appreciated during our recent voyage to San Francisco and Honolulu. Trusting the present library may prove as interesting as the last.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE CHRISTIAN "MUST."

BY THE REV. JOHN H. EDWARDS, D.D.

Ephesus was a splendid city in Paul's day. He had perhaps his greatest success there. His converts loved him as their father and brother in Christ, and begged him to stay with them. It would have been a delightful home and working-place for the weary, persecuted apostle. But duty called him elsewhere, and duty calls but

one way at a time. Its voice is always God's ordering. This was the law of Paul's whole life. So now he tears himself away from beseeching friends and attractive surroundings, saying, "I must by all means keep this feast that cometh at Jerusalem. . . . And he sailed from Ephesus."

Whatever may have been the

immediate reasons for this voyage, we may be certain that the ruling motive, supreme in the apostle's entire life, governed him now. The will of God was his only law. The love of Christ everywhere constrained him. Wherever he could do most good to men, thither he went, though the way led into the lion's jaws.

"I must by all means go," Paul said, and he meant what he said, and did what he meant. In our easy-going times we need more of the "must by all means" spirit. Character is weakened, moral force is dissipated, the personal will becomes flabby, because of the conditional, easily turned aside habit too prevalent on land and sea. All would do well to imitate the apostle's decisive spirit and powerful character. Seamen or landsmen, young or old, we should practice our lips and wills on his "must by all means,"—always for good ends.

Circumstances rule too many lives. They do have mighty force, like the winds and the waves. But what sailor is good for anything who yields to every wind, even though it blows a gale? Circumstances, by the meaning of the word, are things that "stand around." If against us, they are enemies and obstacles *outside* the central self. None of them, Satan included, need control the life. In face of foes and difficulties such as few men are called to meet, Paul said, "None of these things move me." The "must" of circumstances may govern the outward lot; but it is not inevitably supreme over character and destiny. God helping, heart willing, will choosing, the whole man trusting and trying, every one of us can conquer circumstances and beat the devil.

Paul *must*—to Jerusalem. There were circumstances enough in the way to have kept him at Ephesus, or sent him to Rome, or Gibraltar, or the bottom of the Mediterranean, if the steersman of his ship had yielded to them. There must have been plenty of head winds, tides, currents, rocks and shoals in his course; and it is almost a wonder how, without a compass or lighthouse, nor a bit of steam-power, the captain managed to get Paul safe to Cesarea. But he kept the little vessel to her course in spite of all, sailing by day and lying by at night, and so they came to their "desired haven." The person who drifts with the current, or lets the winds of doctrine, or the gusts of temptation drive him at their will, is sure to be wrecked first or last. But who dare say that this is fate inescapable for any living man who stands by the helm of his own will and looks to God for help? Free will and free grace together are bound to carry the worst tempted soul safely through the dangerous voyage of life.

So nigh is glory to our dust,

So near is heaven to man,

When duty whispers low "Thou must!"

The youth replies "I can."

But let youth and man remember two things, words of God both,—
"Without Me ye can do nothing,"
and "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

There was not force enough in the kingdom of wind and wave to take Paul to Jerusalem against his sense of duty. Neither could all the power of the Roman empire, short of forcible compulsion, have made him stay at Ephesus when duty called him elsewhere.

The example of our divine Mas-

ter is still more impressive. Christ's whole active life is enclosed between two "musts;"—"I must be about my Father's business;" "Must (same Greek word) not the Christ have suffered?" Every moment of that divine life was under the constraint of the one motive that brought the Son of God to earth.

Contrast such devotion to the will of God and the good of men with the lives of the self-seeking and self-indulgent. Hear the pleasure seeker: "I *must* go to the ball, the theatre, the races, the gay resort, whatever becomes of my soul. I *must* see that play, though they do say it is pretty broad. I *must* get into society and keep in the swim. I *must* have that new costume, that jewel, that picture, that horse, that wheel, that yacht, that pleasure trip, that ———" but the list is endless of the things which by one or another, at some time or other, are thought absolutely necessary for happiness. Too often the earthly good displaces the heavenly best.

All sin and moral ruin come from this very source, namely, the feeling that we must have, or do, or enjoy this thing or that, because, forsooth, we want it. Hence bankruptcy, pecuniary, physical, moral, eternal. Hence the prison, the hospital, the insane asylum, the almshouse, the suicide's grave, the gallows. Hence, in the next world, the kind of harvest that always grows from the seed of sinful self-indulgence.

This, therefore, cannot be the Christian imperative. Except a man take up his cross, deny himself daily and follow Christ, he cannot be His disciple. Do not think that the Christian life is joyless task-work, dead against

natural instincts and rightful inclinations. Far from it. No joy so sweet or lasting as to do the will of God for Christ's sake. When any one makes it the habit of his life to say, "I must by all means go whither and do what God wills," he has the secret of everlasting happiness.

By this time we have learned a great truth, which is this: Every man *is* just that which he thinks he "must by all means" do and get and have. Character is made and known by the strongest motive. Study yourself to see what you cannot *not* do, and you will get a glimpse of yourself as God sees you. Notice sharply where it is you feel you must go, what are the prizes in life you are set upon getting; you will thus read a page out of God's unvarnished record of your real life and character.

What draws you with strongest pull? Is it the pole-star of duty, or the many-colored fireworks of pleasure, or the will-o'-the-wisp lights of earthly ambition?

Set loose from ordinary social ties and restraints, as in a strange city, a foreign country, or holiday independence, which way is the drift? "Being let go," the apostles Peter and John "went unto their own company." Of course they did. We all do. But what company? What companions, what scenes, what amusements do we gravitate into when the home bonds are untied? Working harness thrown off, which way do the freed feet go? We can learn a lot about ourselves by a little self-watching, if we will take the trouble. To know where we shall spend eternity, we have only to see which way we are now going. Steering a wrong course will never take the voyager to the right port. If we are head-

ed wrong, our only salvation is to put about and sail the other way.

There is a feast coming in the heavenly Jerusalem where all the good and holy of earth will be gathered. Our Christian fathers and mothers, with not a few of

our dearest and best, are already there. Will we not each, with fixed and earnest purpose, say of that blessed convocation in heaven: "I too *must by all means* keep the feast that cometh in the Jerusalem above?"

For The Sailors' Magazine.

RECEIVING CHRIST INTO THE SHIP.

BY WILLIAM WHITMORE.

But He saith unto them, It is I, be not afraid. Then they willingly received Him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. John vi: 20, 21.

"Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest soft and clear,
What still, small accents greet mine ear?
'Tis I, be not afraid."

Christ directed His disciples to get into a ship and cross over to the other side; that is to Capernaum. They had not proceeded more than half way across the lake before they were overtaken by a great storm of wind, and the Master saw them toiling in rowing.

They were Christ's disciples in the way of duty, and Christ was now on the mount praying for them, and yet they were in this distress. The perils and afflictions of this present time may very well connect with our interest in Christ and His intercession. They had lately been feasted at Christ's table, but after the sunshine of comfort expect a storm.

It was now dark. "Jesus was not yet come to them." Sometimes the Christian mariner is in the dark, and cannot see his way out: in the dark concerning the design of it, and what the issue will be.

Jesus was not yet come to them. When they were in the storm mentioned in Matt. viii: 23, Jesus was

with them, but now He had withdrawn Himself. The absence of Christ aggravates the sorrows of seamen. Fishermen, sailors, be sure you take Jesus to sea with you.

The sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. Let it comfort the hearts of Christian sailors, when they happen to be in storms at sea, that the disciples of Christ were so; and let the promises of a gracious God balance the threats of an angry sea.

Christ's seasonable approach to them when they were in this peril. While it is natural for heavy bodies to sink in water, Christ walked upon the water as upon dry land. He drew nigh to the ship. When they are banished into remote places, as John, or shut up in close places, as Paul and Silas, He will find access to them, and be nigh them. When they thought a demon haunted them, they were more terrified than they had been while they saw nothing in it but nature. Our real distresses are often much increased

by our imaginary ones, the creatures of our own fancy. Even the approaches of comfort and deliverance are often so construed as to increase fear and perplexity. But when they were in this fright, came the compassionate words "IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID." Nothing is more powerful to convince sinners than the words, "It is I that love thee, and seek thee, and thy good: be not afraid of ME, nor of the storm." When trouble is near, Christ is nigh.

"Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast:
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore."

They welcomed Christ into the ship, "they willingly received Him." Christ brought them safely to the shore: "Immediately the ship was at the land whither they went." Christian brother sailor, when thy vessel is on its beam-ends, and no human deliverance can avail, you must simply and entirely trust thyself to the providence and care of God. Happy storm that wrecks a man on such a rock as this! Oh blessed hurricane that drives the soul to God, and God alone! There is no getting at our God sometimes because of the multitude of our friends; but when a man is so poor, so friendless, so helpless that he has nowhere else to turn, he flies into his Father's arms, and is blessedly clasped therein! When he is burdened with troubles so pressing and so peculiar that he cannot tell them to any but his God, he may be thankful for them; for he will learn more of his Lord then than

at any other time. Oh, tempest-tossed Christian sailor, it is a happy trouble that drives thee to thy Father. Now that thou hast only thy God to trust to, see that thou puttest thy full confidence in Him. The disciples had rowed hard but could not make their point till they had got Christ in the ship, and the work was done suddenly.

"Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past."

Shipbuilding in Church.

A noted master shipbuilder of Bristol was a regular attendant at church, and he welcomed the celebrated George Whitefield with great joy. He said afterwards, many a time in the pew he had built an entire ship from keel to gunwale during the sermon, but when Mr. Whitefield preached he could not drive a single tree-nail. Doubtless there was an overpowering mastery in Whitefield's preaching, but the master builder betrayed a want of mastery over his own spirit when he brought his shipbuilding into the house of the Lord. We claim fair play for the preacher; do not bring into the house of the Lord the plans and implements of your trade, while you maintain a calm exterior with the semblance of reverence and worship. An old divine used to say that the Sabbath was the market day of the believer. How do people go to market? They go with baskets empty, and they return home with baskets full. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."—*H. T. Miller, in New York Observer.*

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

SERMON BEFORE THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY

BY THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.—James iii: 4, 5.

I cannot say that the James who wrote this Epistle was identical with James the brother of John, the son of Zebedee. There are, I believe, four Jameses mentioned in the New Testament, and which is which is a little difficult to tell for certain. But I confess that personally I almost incline to the supposition, though there are some facts against it, that the author of this letter was the Galilean fisherman whom Jesus called from his boats and his nets. Certain it is that he had much of the sailor's disposition. Of all the writers in the New Testament—for you must notice that though they were inspired of God, the special disposition and characteristic of each is very manifest—James is perhaps the most practical, the most outspoken, the most plainspoken; and these are characteristics, surely, of those who do business in great waters and see the works of the Lord in the deep. If you want an honest, frank, straightforward answer to a question you will get it, as a rule, from Jack, you will get it, at least, from James, whether he was a sailor or not, for he did not know how to mince matters nor how to gloss or smooth over things that should appear in their naked, rugged state. Moreover, I have noticed that James makes more than one reference to nautical matters. This is not, of course, proof positive, but it does incline me to fancy that perhaps he had

had to deal with sailing over the sea and with the handling of ships. In the sixth verse of the first chapter of his letter he says, "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." And in this striking word that forms our text he gives evidence of at least some little knowledge of seafaring affairs. It reads in the revised version, to my thinking, more intelligibly than it does in this rendering: "Behold the ships also, though they are so great, and are driven by rough winds, are yet turned about by a very small rudder whither the impulse of the steersman willeth." I bless God that Jesus and many of His disciples had practical acquaintance with ships and with the sea, and that James, for one, has drawn some of his illustrations from seafaring life. Now, may the Lord bless to us a word from this text, which must be solemn, but which will, I hope, lead to much of gladness.

I. I want you to notice, first, that *the ship has to contend with fierce winds*. This, indeed, is not the subject-matter of the text, it comes in incidentally, but it is important to the full understanding of the metaphor. Every ship has to contend with rough winds. Now, to an audience which is composed to some extent of those who live on the ocean wave, I am not unwise enough to attempt to talk particularly and graphically about

fierce winds and terrible storms. They know more about them than I do, though I have had some little share thereof. I shall not take coals to Newcastle to-night by describing hurricanes and tornadoes and cyclones and storms and squalls with which many of my hearers are all too familiar. The bronzed faces and the keen eyes, and in some cases the wrinkled brows of certain of my auditors prove that they have been out on wild, wild oceans, and know what it is to battle with the blast. I speak rather of spiritual matters. Are there not some here who know from sad and bitter experience what it is to be "driven of fierce winds"? The winds upon the ocean come from all points of the compass, north, south, east and west. Some blow milder than the others; but in the spiritual realm there are at least three sorts of winds, equally destructive, against which we must be on our guard. These are the points of the compass from which they blow: the World, the Flesh, the Devil. Oh, what fierce gusts come rushing out from the quarter of the World, so that the desire for pleasure, the thirst for fame or gain, or perhaps a desire for the gratification of natural pride, are sufficient to throw upon her beam ends the strongest and staunchest of our craft. And oh, what terrible blasts come out of the quarter named the Flesh, tempests of lust which it is hard indeed to beat up against, winds of unholy appetite and tornadoes of anger, which, unless God's hand is on the helm, will drive us to our doom. The Devil, too, the prince of the power of the air, tempts us to disobedience and to doubt, to unbelief, and perchance to blasphemy. Oh, man alive, it is a wonder you are

alive. Oh, child of God, the greatest marvel is that you are a child of God. Oh, seeking sinner, I am almost surprised that you are seeking Jesus, for there have been arrayed against you, as against all mankind in turn, these buffeting blasts, these strong head winds, each and all of which have sought to prevent you from every holy purpose, and to destroy you everlastingly. Even when I have looked at vessels stoutly built, I have wondered that they, despite their strength, have survived such perils as they have encountered. If one is on board of the staunchest of them in the surging sea, the wonder grows. If you have any idea of the power of a single billow, you must marvel that anything man can make can withstand such stress and strain. The contest seems terribly unequal, and yet through many a storm even frail barks come, not without the scars of the struggle upon them, but still buoyant, or at least still "living." And you, dear friend, whatever your position in life, whatever your daily avocation or occupation, are bound to meet with tempests. There is not a ship that is launched upon the river but what is pretty sure to sail out upon the sea, and sailing out upon the sea means encountering storms. So is it with every man of woman born. The World, the Flesh, the Devil, are all arrayed against us, and unless there be found some appliance that can control the ship, and so, in a sense, control the seas that seek to sink her, sink she must with all who try to man her. You sailors talk sometimes about a ship "behaving herself." You speak of vessels almost as if they were human beings. "She behaved splendidly, or badly," as the case may be.

Well, try to think of human beings as ships to-night, just as you at other times speak of ships as if they were real living persons. And oh, the marvel is that with so much to tempt us, with so many influences calculated to wreck us, we are enabled by some controlling power, of which I must speak presently, to behave ourselves well and wisely. Not but what "we all stumble in many things"; but we are still living, still afloat, still on praying ground and pleading terms with God, still hopeful of entering the ever peaceful port. Put this down, I pray you, in your heart and memory, as an all-important point. Each ship has to contend with fierce winds. It will sometimes even be driven of them, having found it impossible to bear up against them by reason of their terrific power. Light airs and soft zephyrs are not the lot of those whose course is towards the Fair Havens.

II. The second point is that *the rudder rules the ship*. "Yet are they turned about with a very small helm." You are quite familiar, you sailor men especially, with the turning about of great ships. You know much more than the preacher does about "'bouting ship" and "putting the helm hard over," and "keeping her full," and steering either port or starboard, as the officer gives command. I have seen four men lashed to the wheel and two standing by in case of emergency, but some of you have yourselves been lashed to the wheel or stood amongst those who were hard by to give a hand if a critical moment should come, so that you know full well all about turning a ship about and how the rudder, small and insignificant though it appears to landsmen, is all important to the sailor

and his ship. Now, the writer makes a great point of the smallness of the rudder. "Yet are they turned about with a very small helm." I suppose that if a person who knew nothing whatever about a ship, and seeing for the first time a vessel lying in dock, was asked which part of all that, to him, strange and cumbrous structure was most essential, and which portion was able to turn the ship as the steersman pleased, you would get a laughable reply. Those who know absolutely nothing about the construction of the ship and the uses of its several parts would be at a loss to answer. Some, I doubt not, would point to this mast or to the other, some might give the credit to the sails or to the ropes or to the rigging, and in utter ignorance of the whole affair, would scarcely be likely to walk to the stern of the craft and declare that that comparatively small piece of timber or of steel, as the case might be, hanging upon the stern-post, is the principal part of the ship so far as satisfactory progress and steering are concerned. And I presume that there are some who by no means imagine that the tongue—one of the tiniest and most obscure of all our members—is responsible for so much; that according to God's Word, it can set on fire the whole revolving wheel of life, and is itself "set on fire of hell." So that, according to the metaphors of James, the tongue affects our characters and careers, even as the bridle in the horse's mouth turns the whole body of the animal, or as the rudder of the ship puts the huge vessel about. Is there not a striking lesson here on the power of little things? How many a strong, big man has been turned to God by

the holy example that his wife has set him every day! She was a little woman, it would take two of her to made so big a person as the husband; but by her gentle demeanor and Christ-like behavior she turned the ship. She was "the governor," after all, though she did not lord it over him, but by sweet simplicity and Christ-like disposition turned him into a better course. Sometimes a solitary word, a single tract, the lisping of a little child, or an apparently trivial circumstance will be to a man's heart and life what the little rudder is to the leviathan vessel—turning them into the ways of God, whereas previously they had been hurrying towards all unholiness. Here it is the tongue, according to the writer of this Epistle, which, though small, boasts such great things—*i. e.*, exerts such immense influence. Oh, I would that I could get some of you dear men who go to sea to understand that what the rudder is to your craft that your tongue is to you and to your course of life. You do not need to be told the importance of the rudder to the vessel. Do you need to be told the importance of the speech with regard to your character? I have heard of a fine lady who, understanding that something had gone wrong with the ship on which she sailed, cross-questioned the captain about it—and oh, it is wonderful the number of questions the captains and the officers are asked in the course of a voyage; wonderful also at times, it must be confessed, the answers that they give. Said she, "Is it the rudder that has gone wrong?" "Well, yes," he said, "there is something amiss with the rudder, it's true." "Oh, well, captain," she said, "I am glad it is nothing worse than

that. You know the rudder is such a very small thing, and it is almost entirely out of sight, scarcely anybody will notice it." That was her idea of the rudder, and that is just some people's idea of the tongue, or rather of the part it plays in the life and career of mortals. God thinks not so. As the tongue is to the physician an index of the health of the whole body, so the tongue, or rather the words it utters, are the proof of the state of the heart within. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." A Latin author long years ago was wise enough to say that "a bad tongue is the organ of the devil." Think of what mischief an unclean tongue does! I pray you, soil not that sacred member—for should not every member be sacred unto God who made it—soil not that sacred member with words unwholesome, defiling, and depraving. Speak good words and pure, and bright and clean. God save sailors and everybody else from having dirty tongues, befouled with filthy talk! And then I do not want to have, and I am sure you do not, an unkind tongue. It is bad enough to have an unclean one; I am not sure but what it is worse, though not so disreputable in the eyes of most, to have a bitter tongue, a tongue that rails, and backbites, and says nasty, cutting things. May the Lord save us from this, because if we have an unkind tongue it turns all our life. It is a proof that we are unkind at heart. It will make a wonderful difference to our future career. We are sure to come into collision with some one if we are carping and cynical. We cannot expect people to love us if we do not love them, nor that they shall speak well of us if we speak always ill of

them. According to that tongue of yours you will be steered into calm waters or into stormy seas, for the tongue is as the helm that guideth all the ship. Also would I fain be delivered from a tongue untrue. Oh! brothers and sisters, speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" says the Psalmist. I had as lief have no rudder to my ship as one that does not answer to the compass of absolute accuracy and veritable fact. Speak always the truth one with another, for if you steer with a false rudder you will steer a false course. I want my tongue also to be saved from thoughtlessness, for evil is wrought far more by want of thought than by want of heart. Perhaps I should do well to commend to you the old saying,

"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

The tongue, though it be a little member, exerts an awful influence. Speak truly, and purely, and carefully, and kindly whenever you speak. Should I refrain to-night from mentioning the blasphemy that is, alas! too often on some tongues? I do confess that my heart is knit to those who sail the seas, and I have found much that is admirable in them; but I must also own that some of them are horribly profane. I know not that they are more so than some who tarry on the shore; but I have heard a deal of cursing and swearing—I must be faithful—on old ocean, and I want the seamen to be saved from that strong weakness of theirs, the use of strong language. Some there are I know who do not mean to swear, but the oath

slips out. To them it means not what it says; it is mere habit—but what a habit! Oh, I pray you, curb that habit; conquer that custom, I beseech you. "Swear not at all." And if any one is here to whom blasphemy is not merely a slip of the tongue nor a meaningless habit, but who loves the sin of it, let me say most solemnly, Beware, my friend, lest God take you at your word, lest He curse you as you ask Him, lest He damn you when you pray Him so to do. Cases have been known—one came beneath my notice only a week ago—of unholy prayers being terribly and speedily answered. A young woman going out from an evangelistic service, proud and haughty and angry because she had been taken there, declared it was a shame to bring her to such a place, and that she would never enter such doors again. *She never did*, for she fell dead next day, and if she would have gone she could not. Oh, that our tongues may be controlled by heaven, lest they speak against heaven, and so bring heaven's wrath upon us! These tongues of ours are as a fire, set on fire of hell. But we have read of tongues of fire that came from heaven, that set upon the heads of the disciples! Oh, for such tongues of fire, not lit in Gehenna, but kindled in the glory land!

III. The rudder rules the ship, but *the pilot controls the rudder*. The rudder turns the vessel, but the governor turns the rudder. He is master of the situation, because he holds in his hand the helm. The rudder is not automatic; it only moves as it is moved, it controls the vessel when it is itself controlled. I have seen some model yachts with rudders so hung and weighted that when a gust

brought the boat up into the wind the rudder swung over, and paid her off again. And there are some men who seem to think that they are built on some such principle. They boast of natural religion, they dream that they can guide themselves, that their steering apparatus is automatic, and that they need no hand upon the helm. They know just when to stop. They can go a certain length without losing control, and something within them keeps them from steering an utterly evil course. But we have learned that, just as with a rudder pressure and power and persistence and experience are necessary, so, though the tongue controls the life, we must control the tongue, for the Lord has made us responsible for what we speak. Ah, my friend, you can find no good excuse for speaking falsely, or unkindly, or uncleanly, or blasphemously. Do not blame the tongue. It is loosely hung, perhaps, but you must manage it. It is folly for the shipmaster to blame the rudder if the ship steers a serpentine or circuitous course. He himself is to blame, not the rudder; and you are to exercise control over that tongue of yours, for the possession of such an organ involves a great responsibility. You are the man at the wheel. We have God's word for it that if we control the speech we can control all. What are the man's words like? What is his language? His speech bewrayeth him. This is the crucial test: What is the nature and drift of his conversation? Hear him talk, and you can tell the nature of the heart within. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridled not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

IV. We have seen that the rudder

controls the ship, that the steersman controls the rudder; but *what directs the steersman?* The text says, "Whithersoever the governor listeth," or, as the revised version reads, "Whither the impulse of the steersman will-eth." Ah, behind the steersman is an impulse, within the steersman is a will! His will is as a rudder to the steersman, even as the helm is the guiding principle of the ship. Mind, if you speak falsely or unholily, it is because you will to do it, it is the depraved heart acting upon the tongue. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." That which is in the well of the heart comes up in the bucket of the lips, and it is because the heart, the will, the impulse, that lie hidden within, are depraved and sinful, that the tongue speaks falsely or blasphemously, or unsavorily.

Well, then, *what controls the will?* We seem here to have a ship within a ship, as we sometimes speak of a wheel within a wheel. What is it that controls the will? A steersman has orders from his superior. The captain is master of the ship, but his employers are masters of him. So he controls the rudder, having himself been controlled from headquarters. Beloved, this brings us back to God. We are as ships, and we can control both wind and wave, or at least outride them and outlive their anger, but we must be ourselves controlled by God, or we cannot control the speech that controls our lives. Oh, see you not that it is not so much a matter of the tongue, after all, as of the inmost will and of the heart, and that for this we need new hearts and right spirits, surrendered wills, obedient dispositions—in a word, we want Christ on board to put His hand

upon the helm and to guide us in all our course. We are to believe in our hearts and to confess with our mouths (or tongues) the Lord Jesus, and so shall we be saved. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."

"Take my lips and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love."

May you take your orders all from Calvary, and with the pierced hand upon your heart's helm, may you be guided past all rocks and shoals and quicksands, over all the restless currents of the raging main, and through all the storms that seek to strand you, right into the happy haven

where all is peace and joy and rest. For myself I have to cry: "Lord, I cannot undertake this task myself." What say you, Mr. Quartermaster, can *you* steer a course through life without Divine assistance? I for one give up the hopeless task, I ask the Lord to come aboard my bark, I yield my powers obedient to His will. His word shall be the rudder of my life, and, though my tongue must still play its part, it shall be so exercised by the Spirit of the living God that it shall not be able to lead me from the course that heaven designs. God grant to each of you this same great favor, through faith in His dear Son, for His name's sake! Amen!

A VOICE FROM THE FO'CASTLE.

One Sunday afternoon in the latter part of September, 1891, while a meeting was being held from a gospel wagon, at the foot of Broadway market, in this city, two sailors sauntered up and stood nearby, idly listening to the services. The vessel to which they belonged had reached port only three or four hours before, and these two shipmates, coming ashore to look around, had been attracted by the crowd about the wagon, and came up "to see what was going on."

One of the two was George Ehrnlund, a young Swede, who accepted an invitation, given at the close of the meeting, to attend a gospel service the same evening in the hall of the Port Mission for Seamen, in front of which the wagon was stationed. At eight o'clock he was one of a number of men of the sea in the mission, and in the course of the meeting which

followed, held up his hand for prayer. "But it seemed to me," he said afterward, "that I had been walking too far in sin, and that salvation was out of my reach. But still the words I heard from the men on the wagon and in the meeting were ringing in my ears."

Returning to his vessel the young seaman sought, by various means, to quiet the voice of conscience, but without success, until he was led to turn to Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The way this came about is told briefly in his own words:

"On the 5th of October, 1891, I was on deck from 8 to 10.30 o'clock, keeping watch. We were about eight or nine miles from Cape Henry. I was very sick in soul and body and almost wished myself dead. I was thinking, 'I wonder if my mother and grand-

mother are there in heaven and if they know anything about my poor, sinful and reckless life,' when a thought came: 'Why don't you believe God's Word, for if you believe on God's Son, Jesus Christ, then you shall have rest.' And there my eyes were opened and I kneeled down on the deck and asked God, for Jesus' sake, to forgive me, and He did, and the joy and happiness that I have had since, you know as well as me."

Shortly after his conversion young Ehrnlund came back to Baltimore, where he remained for several months, shipping occasionally on coastwise vessels, and always, when in port, attending the mission where he had heard the gospel message on that September evening, and where he gave, nightly, a clear and convincing testimony of the power of God's grace, through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. From the night of his conversion he came out and out for Christ, and lived a life of simple, childlike trust in God and obedience to His Word. Not only did he not have any confidence in himself, but, to him, the love of Jesus in dying for sinful men, was so wonderful that he continually expressed the greatest gratitude that he was living, a miracle of grace, instead of being eternally rejected of God as a guilty, hell-deserving sinner.

About this time the young seaman began to suffer from an incurable disease of the lungs, and his friends urged him to stay ashore altogether and take up regular Christian work, but, feeling called upon to support a helpless relative in his far away home, he determined to go to sea again. Accordingly, he shipped from New York to Yokohama on what proved to be his last voyage. After signing

to ship he wrote to a friend of the fact, and the friend wrote back telling him that perhaps the Lord wanted him to go out to a foreign port in order to use him as a missionary both on shipboard and abroad, even as He had commanded, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature . . . and be witnesses unto Me unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Writing of the voyage, at its close, he spoke of this message and gave incidents showing how the Lord had used him among his shipmates. To one of them who asked him if he was a Christian, he replied, "I am a believer on the Lord Jesus, and His blood has cleansed me from all sin." To all he held up Jesus as the only way of salvation and the only one who could give power over sin. To the boatswain, who came to him when he was on a night watch and asked if he were not lonesome, the Christian seaman said, "I am never alone. No matter whether aloft or on deck, the Lord, my Saviour, is with me, and I have never been so happy in any company before in all my travels, as I am now in Jesus' company." So to the crew, one at a time, he made known the glad tidings of the atonement of the Son of God, and when they said they could not be Christians at sea, he told them that the devil had said the same thing to him before his conversion, and he begged them to believe that the Lord Jesus died to save them, and if they would only trust Him, He would keep them. One of the men said he wanted to be a Christian, but could not stop swearing. Young Ehrnlund told him he "could not stop it himself, but Christ, who had all power in heaven and earth, could stop it for him."

Some of the crew spent the evenings playing cards in the fo'castle. This proved a cross to their God-fearing shipmate, who was obliged to "turn in" while they were gambling by his bunk. "At first," he wrote, "I was ashamed, and said my prayers in bed, but God gave me the power, so that I could go down on my knees alongside of them, as they were playing cards, and say my prayers; for if a man has his heart and mind fully settled on God, he is deaf to everything else—at least I was; I never heard a word they were saying."

On arriving at Yokohama the young seaman was very ill in body, but wrote: "My soul is happy, for I know it is God's will, and that He does everything for the best. . . . I asked God, if it be His will to end my days here, to end them soon, for I suffered very much; but the Lord Jesus said, 'Behold, I am with thee,' and His precious Word gave me new strength." His condition being hopeless, he was forwarded to London, and then to his native hamlet in Sweden, where in a few weeks he fell asleep in Jesus, to await the glad day when the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven and all His ransomed ones, dead and living, shall be caught up together to be forever with Him.

During the two years from his conversion to his death, George Ehrnlund's life was a continual testimony of the grace of God to save, and to keep safe and true to Christ any and all who put their trust in Him. He was tried at times almost beyond endurance, and tempted again and again, but he believed the Word that "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able," and always found a way of escape in Him who "is able also to save them to the uttermost

that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." For to him to live was Christ, to die was gain.

And now, to all who read this simple story of a seaman's conversion, comes through it this message: Jesus, the Son of God died to save you. If you do not believe on Him, you are lost. God's Word says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." It also says, by the mouth of that Son, "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

Will you believe on Him or will you reject Him?—*Tidings*.

The Life-Boat.

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv: 12.

Here is the only hope for a wrecked and ruined soul. Not clinging to some miserable planks of its own self-righteousness, but to Him who is revealed as the refuge from the storm and the covert from the tempest. These floating spars of creature-merit may seem well enough to trust to now, but they will be found to be wretched props, "refuges of lies," on that great and terrible day which is to try every man's work and refuge of what sort it is.

Christ is the very Saviour I need. As God, He is mighty to save; as man, He is mighty to pity and compassionate. He is exalted on His throne, "to give repentance to His people, and the remission of sins."—*Rev. Jas. McDuff*.

OCEAN LIFE.

BY W. R. BROOKS.

Our picture of the ocean is an empty waste, stretching on and on with no break in the monotony except now and then a flying fish or a wandering sea bird or a floating tuft of sargassum, and we never think of the ocean as the home of vegetable life. It contains plant-like animals in abundance, but these are true animals and not plants, although they are so like them in form and color. At Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, the visitor is taken in a small boat, with windows of plate glass set in the bottom, to visit the "sea gardens" at the inner end of a channel through which the pure water from the open sea flows between two coral islands into the lagoon. Here the true reef corals grow in quiet water, where they may be visited and examined.

When illuminated by the vertical sun of the Tropics and by the light which is reflected back from the white bottom, the pure, transparent water is as clear as air, and the smallest object 40 or 50 feet down is distinctly visible through the glass bottom of the boat.

As this glides over the great mushroom-shaped coral domes which arch up from the depths, the dark grottoes between them and the caves under their overhanging tops are lighted up by the sun, far down among the anthozoa or flower animals and the zoo-phytes or animal plants, which are seen through the waving thicket of brown and purple sea fans and sea feathers as they toss before the swell from the open ocean.

There are miles of these "sea gardens" in the lagoons of the Bahamas, and it has been my good fortune to spend many months study-

ing their wonders, but no description can convey any conception of their beauty and luxuriance. The general effect is very garden-like, and the beautiful fishes of black and golden yellow and iridescent cobalt-blue hover like birds among the thickets of yellow and lilac gorgonias.

The parrot fishes seem to be cropping the plants like rabbits, but more careful examination shows that they are biting off the tips of the gorgonias and branching madrepores or hunting for the small crustacea which hide in the thicket and that all the apparent plants are really animals.

The delicate star-like flowers are the vermilion heads of boring annelids or the scarlet tentacles of actinias, and the thicket is made up of pale lavender bushes of branching madrepores, and green and brown and yellow and olive masses of brain coral, of alcyonarians of all shades of yellow and purple, lilac and red, and of black and brown and red sponges. Even the lichens which incrust the rocks are hydroid corals, and the whole sea garden is a dense jungle of animals, where plant life is represented only by a few calcareous algæ so strange in shape and texture that they are much less plant-like than the true animals.

The scarcity of plant-life becomes still more notable when we study the ocean as a whole. On land herbivorous animals are always much more abundant and prolific than the carnivora, as they must be to keep up the supply of food, but the animal life of the ocean shows a most remarkable difference, for marine animals are almost exclusively carnivorous.

The birds of the ocean, the terns,

gulls, petrels, divers, cormorants, tropic birds and albatrosses, are very numerous indeed, and the only parallel to the pigeon roosts and rookeries of the land is found in the dense clouds of sea birds around their breeding grounds, but all these sea birds are carnivorous, and even the birds of the seashore subsist almost exclusively upon animals such as mollusca, crustacea, and annelids.

The seals pursue and destroy fishes; the sea elephants and walrus live upon mollusks; the whales, dolphins and porpoises and the marine reptiles all feed upon animals and most of them are fierce beasts of prey.

There are a few fishes which pasture in the fringe of seaweed which grows on the shore of the ocean, and there are some which browse among the floating tufts of algæ upon its surface, but most of them frequent these places in search of small animals which hide among the plants.

In the Chesapeake Bay the sheepshead browses among the algæ upon the submerged rocks and piles like a marine sheep, but its food is exclusively animal, and I have lain upon the edge of a wharf watching it crunch the barnacles and young oysters until the juice of their bodies streamed out of the angles of its mouth and gathered a host of small fishes to snatch the fragments as they drifted away with the tide.

Many important fishes, like the cod, pasture on the bottom, but their pasturage consists of mollusks and annelids and crustacea instead of plants, and the vast majority of sea fishes are fierce hunters, pursuing and destroying smaller fishes, and often exhibiting an insatiable love of slaughter, like our own bluefish and tropical

albacore and barracuda. Others, such as the herring, feed upon smaller fishes and the pelagic pteropods and copepods; and others, like the shad, upon the minute organisms of the ocean, but all, with few exceptions, are carnivorous. In the other great groups of marine animals we find some scavengers, some which feed upon micro-organisms, and others which hunt and destroy each other, but there is no group of marine animals which corresponds to the herbivora and rodents and the plant-eating birds and insects of the land.

There is so much room in the vast spaces of the ocean, and so much of it is hidden, that it is only when surface animals are gathered together that the abundance of marine life becomes visible and impressive; but some faint conception of the boundless wealth of the ocean may be gained by observing the quickness with which marine animals become crowded together at the surface in favorable weather. On a cruise of more than two weeks along the edge of the Gulf Stream I was surrounded continually night and day by a vast army of dark-brown jelly-fish (*Linerges mercutia*), whose dark color made them very conspicuous in the clear water. We could see them at a distance from the vessel, and at noon, when the sun was overhead, we could look down to a great depth through the center-board well, and everywhere, to a depth of 50 or 60 feet, we could see them drifting by in a steady procession like motes in a sun-beam. We cruised through them for more than 500 miles and we tacked back and forth over a breadth of almost a hundred miles, and found them everywhere in such abundance that there were

some in every bucketful of water which we dipped up; nor is this abundance of life restricted to tropical waters, for Haeckel tells us that he met with such enormous masses of *Limacina* to the north-west of Scotland that each bucket of water contained thousands. The tendency to gather in crowds is not restricted to the smaller animals, and many species of raptorial fishes are found in densely packed banks.

The fishes in a school of mackerel are as numerous as the birds in a flight of wild pigeons, and we are told of one school which was a windrow of fish half a mile wide and at least 20 miles long. But while pigeons are plant eaters, the mackerel are rapacious hunters, pursuing and devouring the herrings as well as other animals.

Herring swarm like locusts, and a herring bank is almost a solid wall. In 1879 three hundred thousand river herring were landed in a single haul of the seine in Albarmarle Sound; but the herring are also carnivorous, each one consuming myriads of copepods every day.

In spite of this destruction and the ravages of armies of medusæ and siphonophores and pteropods the fertility of the copepods is so great that they are abundant in all parts of the ocean, and they are met with in numbers which exceed our power of comprehension. On one occasion the *Challenger* steamed for two days through a dense cloud formed of a single species, and they are found in all latitudes, from the Arctic regions to the Equator, in masses which discolor the water for miles. We know, too, that they are not restricted to the surface, and that the banks of copepods are sometimes more than a mile thick.

When we reflect that thousands would find ample room and food in a pint of water, one can form some faint conception of their universal abundance.

The organisms which are visible in the water of the ocean and on the sea bottom are almost universally engaged in devouring each other, and many of them, like the bluefish, are never satisfied with slaughter, but kill for mere sport.

Insatiable rapacity must end in extermination unless there is some unfailing supply, and as we find no visible supply in the water of the ocean we must seek it with a microscope, which shows us a wonderful fauna made up of innumerable larvæ and embryos and small animals, but these things can not be the food supply of the ocean, for no carnivorous animal could subsist very long by devouring its own children. The total amount of these animals is inconsiderable, however, when compared with the abundance of a few forms of protozoa and protophytes, and both observation and deduction teach that the most important element in marine life consists of some half dozen types of protozoa and unicellular plants; of globigerina and radiolarians, and of trichodesmium, pyrocystis, protococcus and the coccospheres rhabdospheres and diatoms.

Modern microscopic research has shown that these simple plants, and the globigerinæ and radiolarians which feed upon them, are so abundant and prolific that they meet all demands and supply the food for all the animals of the ocean. This is the fundamental conception of marine biology. The basis of all the life in the modern ocean is found in the micro-organisms of the surface.—*Smithsonian Report*.

THE SNARES OF SOUTH WINDS AND SMOOTH SEAS.

The narrative of Paul's voyage to Rome is fruitful in spiritual lessons. That Alexandrian corn-ship, with its precious freight of the noblest man alive, had cast anchor in the obscure port of Fair Havens. There the vessel ought to have remained, in spite of some disadvantages; and Paul, who was an old mariner, warned the centurion and the captain that, if they ventured to sea at that dangerous season, the voyage would be attended with loss to ship, cargo and life. But that "gambling element in human nature," which stakes everything on a risk, impelled the master and the owner to urge a start; and their advice carried it against the wiser counsels of the veteran apostle. So, one bright day, when the south wind blew softly, the captain weighed anchor, and swung out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, heading for Cape Matala. Ah! that gentle wind was singing a siren song that lured them into the jaws of destruction; for no sooner had they passed the Cape, than a tremendous typhoon burst upon them, which never loosed its grip for a fortnight until it hurled them in shattered wreck on the beach of Malta.

The contrast between that ship sailing out with a south wind, and a smooth sea, and the same vessel rent with the hurricane, affords a vivid parable of human life. The real danger of every sinful temptation is that it always presents the attractive side, and conceals the consequences. It promises a smooth sea and a prosperous voyage. No young man is ever tempted to his first glass by the spectacle of drunkenness in its last horrors.

Sin, ever since its first entrance into this world, has owed its chief power to the fact that it presents allurements and conceals consequences. Satan, in the Garden of Eden, promised only south winds and smooth seas. "The serpent said unto the woman, *Ye shall not surely die*; ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." So, when the woman saw that the tree was pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat. So has it ever been from that hour to this; the power of sin lies in its *deceitfulness*. When I was in the Orient I saw a most attractive tree, laden with blossoms of a delicate lilac tint. The beauty of the flowers attracts insects, and bees are drawn to them to gather honey. But from the blossoms the insects extract a fatal poison, and often drop dead under the branches. It is called the Judas tree, and is a vivid emblem of the deceitfulness of sin. For sin always has two aspects: the one is that which she assumes before the deed is done, the other is that which she puts on after she has ensnared her dupe, and is administering the retribution. She approaches with her allurements as Jael came to Sisera, bringing "butter in a lordly dish;" but the hammer and the nails she keeps out of sight until her victim is fast asleep in her power. The wages of sin are paid promptly; they are *death*.

The danger with every unconverted person who reads these lines lies in this very direction. Because you see now only a smooth sea, and hear only the siren song, "There is no danger," you feel no alarm. Because God spares

you and mercies are around you, and no retribution visible, you shut your eyes to the fact that God is just, and will yet punish sin and the rejection of His grace with a tremendous penalty. The captain of that corn-ship would not believe that there was anything ahead but fair winds and a prosperous voyage to Rome. He would not heed Paul's warning. After the tempest had burst forth in its fury, and no sun or stars appeared for many days, Paul reminded him, "Ye ought to have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gotten this injury and loss." Then it was too late. And so may you find it if you presume on the smooth seas of God's present forbearance, and shut your eyes to the sure and inevitable punishment that awaits every life of impenitence.

There is a theology of south wind and smooth sea that is becoming very current, and it "takes" prodigiously in these days. It suits human nature ex-

ceedingly. It sets a low estimate on the exceeding sinfulness of sin and its desert of retribution. It treats very gingerly the punitive justice of God. It hoists no storm-signals in the direction whither so many souls are heading; it practically ignores hell! Even if the voyage here be with some "loss of lading," it holds out the hope of a possible second probation in the unseen world. However seductive or popular this un-Pauline theology may be, I do not discover it on God's charts, or in His weather-tables. If I deceive a soul with any such delusions, may not God hold me to a fearful account? *Love demands fidelity.* However smooth the sea, and however fair the wind before any and every soul yet out of Christ, let such soul be lovingly warned that the voyage will be with terrible loss both to lading and to life! In the penitent acceptance of Jesus Christ is the only absolute, complete, perfect, and everlasting salvation. — *The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in Toilers of the Deep.*

THE PILOT'S CONVERSION.

There is no more interesting character about any of our great seaboard cities than the ocean pilot. He goes out with every passenger steamer, and the last fond notes and postal cards sent back to the loved ones left behind are committed to his care. When he drops over the deck's side into his little boat, and waves his grave farewell, all on board feel that they have cut loose from home, and are committed for weal or woe to the mysterious paths of the sea.

No one is so earnestly looked for by both captain and passengers on an incoming steamship as

a pilot, who brings with him news from the great busy world, from communication with which the steamer has for many days and nights been cut off. He is the forerunner and prophecy of the harbor not yet in sight; an assurance that the voyage is over, its dangers are passed, and the desired haven will be soon at hand.

Of all the pilots on the Atlantic coast, the Sandy Hook pilots are of most interest, because of the multitude of ships that come and go to and from New York harbor.

There are among the Sandy Hook pilots two men left who be-

gan their apprenticeship over a half a century ago, in 1846. One of these is Captain Josiah Johnson, of Brooklyn, who, after five years' apprenticeship, was licensed a pilot in 1851, and has now been in constant service, going and coming past Sandy Hook, for forty-six years.

Captain Johnson came to the sea by inheritance, as his father served on the old frigate *Constitution* in the War of 1812. In spite of his long term of service he carries his sixty-five years with the air of a victor, and his great stalwart frame and bronzed face and sturdy step are wonderfully youthful, in spite of the hair and beard that are white as snow.

This veteran pilot has naturally, in his half-century of service, been in many a gale, and faced bitter storms. Three men in as many awful hours of danger have been swept overboard from the deck by his side to their death. Many a schooner, disabled, his pilot-boat has rescued from the teeth of the storm, and captain and crew and owner have owed life and property to his skill and courage. Numerous have been the wrecks from which in the nick of time he has taken the sailor who had lost hope and expected to perish.

Many a time Captain Johnson and his crew on their pilot-boat have been out for days in the bitter cold of a winter's storm, until their clothing was sheathed with ice, so that when they were at last permitted to remove it, it would stand upright like an iron frame. Yet on such nights and in such storms he has hailed hundreds of ships and guided them safely into the harbor, without the loss of a single charge committed to his care, in his lifetime of service.

I doubt if those who go down

upon the sea in ships fully appreciate the courage, the endurance and the splendid fidelity to duty which animates the great majority of the ocean-going pilots.

My acquaintance with Captain Johnson, however, did not begin upon the sea, but in an evangelistic service in Brooklyn, held a little while since under the leadership of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, of Philadelphia. I noticed a large, fine-looking man sitting in the audience, and watched the eagerness with which he seemed to listen to the gospel message, and was not astonished when the invitation was given to seek Christ, that his strong hand was uplifted. Later, in the inquiry room, I had the privilege of conversation with him, and witnessed how, with the simplicity of a little child, he yielded his heart to the Saviour, and was most happily converted. It was one of the greatest joys of the meetings after that to watch the captain's face. His broad, weather-beaten face beamed with a light that was never seen "on sea or land," as he listened night after night to the gracious offers of mercy and the rich promises of God's Word.

One night he came to me at the close of the evening service and told me that he would have to go away the next day on his pilot-boat, to go out to meet an incoming vessel, and so would be absent from the meetings. As he grasped my hand to say good-bye his eyes filled with happy tears, and he exclaimed, "It will be the happiest trip I have ever made past Sandy Hook, for this will be the first time that the Great Pilot will be consciously present with me."

Thank God we may all have the Great Pilot with us.

Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island,
Straight by the compass steer
Straight for the highland.

Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee,
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

Fear not the darkness
Dread not the night,
God's Word is thy compass,
Christ is thy light.

Crowd all thy canvas on
Out through the foam!
It soon will be morning
And heaven be thy home.

—*The Rev. L. A. Banks, D.D.,
in The Christian Herald.*

Do Fish Think?

"It is widely accepted that fish possess a certain degree of memory," said Professor Edinger, of Germany, "that they recognize persons, that they know what places to frequent and what places to avoid, according to the experience they have gained; that having once been caught by a hook, they know one again when they see it, and so on.

It is an odd fact that the fish in freedom is much more intelligent than in captivity. Whether it dulls the senses to be confined within a limited space enclosed by glass walls, or whether it is the absence of the indefinable something which lingers in the running stream and makes it doubly delightful no one knows. The very best counterfeiter of nature has always been unable to bring about a condition that was an exact counterpart of the one she could create herself. In appearance certainly the difference is not per-

ceptible, but that it lies there none can question.

The trout, the shyest of all fish when man has once become in the least degree familiar, is held to be the leader of his race in point of thought development.

The fish with which we are most familiar—the pike, the pickerel, the bluefish—are all about alike in matters of thought. The gorgeous yellow striped perch is a keen little chap, and, though he bites at the right sort of bait with little provocation, it is usually because he is very hungry and has cast wisdom to the winds. As a rule it can be safely stated that the harder a fish is to catch the more it thinks, just as is the case with human beings—the more stupid a person is the easier he is to deceive, while with people of keen thought the reverse is the case. The shad is another fish that seems to have almost human perception occasionally.

The flounder is stupid. Perhaps it is because he has his eyes on one side of his head and can only view the world in a one-sided way. It may be also that it is for the reason that he spends the greater portion of his time in the mud. Mud is not conducive to thoughtfulness. Anyway, the flounder is as stupid as it is possible for a fish to be.

The Title of Admiral.

It should here be explained that the title of "Admiral" was not used in England in the earlier days. In fact, the better opinion is that it was not so used before the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was called *Capitaneus maris* (Captain of the Sea), "Keeper of the seacoasts," "Cap-

tain of the King's mariners." The title "Admiral" or "Amiral" probably derived from the Arabic *amir* or *emir* (perfect), was used in foreign countries much earlier than in England, and came to us from France. Prynne ('Animadversions,' p. 106) states that there were Admirals and an Admiralty Court in England as early as the time of Henry I., derived from our ancient Saxon kings—Alfred, Edgar, Ethelred, and others who had the dominion of the British ocean. None of these kings probably was more potent than King Edgar, who, possessing an absolute dominion of the neighboring sea, sailed round about it every year and secured it with a constant guard. These ships, being very stout ones, were in number 1,200; some writers even affirm that there were 4,800 sailing ships. —*London Nautical Magazine*.

A Strange Craft.

An account is given by the *Philadelphia Press* of the result of Christian discipline upon a ship's crew.

The Italian bark *America*, Captain Ferrari, is perhaps one of the strangest vessels afloat to-day, and her appearance here has attracted no end of attention. The vessel itself is not at all different from the ordinary merchant-man, but it is in the composition of her crew and the manner in which she is fitted up in the cabins that she differs so materially from all other craft.

Captain Ferrari is seventy-six years old, and for fifty-five years has been a successful and daring navigator. Time has dealt lightly with him, and he is as hale and hearty a skipper as many forty years his junior. His crew has

been with him for fifteen consecutive years, a thing unheard of before, and all on board this old craft are like one big family. There are never any differences of opinion, and while the ordinary ship discipline is a thing not known on this vessel, every man knows his place. There are no liberties taken, and contentment prevails throughout.

The members of the crew are strictly religious, and on every Sunday, as well as feast days, services are held on board under the direction of their venerable and much beloved captain. The cabin is an ordinary one, but directly aft is partitioned off a place that is used only for the holding of these services. Directly aft, against the stern of the vessel and facing forward, is erected a handsome altar, and upon this altar burn continuously four huge wax candles. The lights have never been put out in the entire nineteen years that the *America* has been afloat. On entering the cabin the altar is visible, but the entrance of a stranger to this sacred quarter is strictly prohibited.

Longitude and Latitude.

An old pastor, now dead, used to relate the following incident:

"There came to me here one day a grand looking fellow. I had not asked whether he did business on the water, for the sea breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said, 'Where did you find the Lord?' In a moment he answered, 'Latitude 25, longitude 54.'

"I confess that rather puzzled me. I had heard of people finding Jesus Christ in these galleries and down these aisles, but here was something quite different.

"'Latitude 25, longitude 54!' What do you mean!"

"He said: 'I was sitting on deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received Jesus into my heart. I jumped off the coils of rope, saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude.'"

A Bath skipper enumerates the sailors' weather sayings, and every one of them of course was warranted:

"If the wind comes before the rain soon you can make sail again.

"If the rain comes before the wind, furl your topsails snugly in."

"Rainbow at night, sailors' delight"

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning."

"If the rain comes with setting sun, soon the showers will be done."

"Rising sun followed by rain, you'll not see the sun again."

"If the sun's red in the west, next day hotter than the last."

"A streak of red, then streak of gray, and you will get a gloomy day."

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Japan.

KOBE.

Mr. J. M. HARMON writes on August 26:

I am completely broken down in health and three doctors have pronounced my lungs unsound. I have sent my resignation to the chaplain to take effect at the end of the current year; at present I am on the sick list and have had a substitute for the Institute management for nearly a month, but shall recommence my work on September 1 or earlier. We have on an average from thirty-five to forty per day, and when a man-of-war is in port we have reached as high as one hundred and fifty, and have had some glorious meetings led by Christian sailors.

Religious services held on shipboard, 24, elsewhere, 4; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 18, of others, 2; religious visits to hospitals, 8, on ships, &c., 245; bundles of tracts distributed, 110.

It is painful to hear of the impaired

health of chaplain J. M. HARMON, of Kobe, once a sailor himself. The following extracts from letters received by him from seamen show that he follows them to sea and that their hearts turn back in love to him.—ED.

"I am praising God on the loud-sounding cymbals, for indeed all things work for good when we love God. First, I must tell you that we had quite a revival on the passage home and we arrived in Victoria with six Christians and eighteen out of twenty total abstainers on board. Out of the abstainers two broke, and you never saw two such miserable men in your life as they were when I saw them about ten days ago at Port Townsend; one of them completely broke down and cried bitterly and finally decided for God, and I am expecting to hear of four more who are under conviction; two who have promised me to step over the line, and other two who are ashamed. I am praying for them and believing for them to be saved. While in Port Townsend I was leading the S. A. meeting, when who should walk in

but G. ? He looked a miserable specimen of humanity. I spoke to him after meeting was over, but he is worse, if anything, than ever.

"I am keeping the run of my converts and they are up to date genuine, and all testify. I adopted quite a different plan in leading them out than we had in the *Empress*. I would have nothing less than a full surrender to God and a public acknowledgment at once; no smoking or chewing; no novel reading; no comic singing, and kneel in prayer every watch, turning in and out. I find it is no use pushing a man unless the Spirit has prepared him, and if God has him ready to be saved, he will be quite prepared to give up the world. Besides it is better to be definite, and if a man does not feel that he needs Christ it is of no use of his going through the form of conversion, for he will not stand, and in falling back do a great deal of harm to the cause. There is some more good news for you: I am going to sea no more. When I left Hong Kong I wrote DONALD to tell me what he intended to do. He is a noble fellow and I could not love a brother more than I love him, so true and with such a heart full of love for suffering humanity. There is no telling what God will do with him, yet I am certain he is destined to do a lot of good wherever he goes. And now, dear brother JACK, you must tell me what you have been doing, how many souls you have won for Jesus."

"I am a good one at giving advice, but as I am writing this I am telling it to myself I want to be always rejoicing and shining for Jesus. I sometimes get a bit down, but when I feel that things seem a bit hard for me I know where to go for strength, to Him who has said 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"I am pleading at the throne of grace that the Lord will be with me to give me grace and His Holy Spirit that He may make me a powerful instrument in His hands, and that He will give me power to preach Christ crucified both in the train and on board ship, that I shall be full of the fire of the Spirit to wield the sword of the Spirit effectually that it may be the means of bringing some one to the truth."

"Let us not forget that our Lord works through man and that our brothers who are wandering far away from our Father's home are in a sense depending upon us to carry the message of salvation to them. I have concluded that there are certain men or women God can save through me and there are others He can-

not reach through me, but can through somebody else, and I have made up my mind to give up my job here and go where I feel God wants me to be, and that is among the sailors. I am going to sea again. You know how I hate the sea, but I am going just the same, because it is God's will. I am doing very well here but cannot rest, I must be doing the work the Spirit prompts me to do. I love sailors so much and sympathize with them; their lot is so hard and I thoroughly understand it is to the interest of their employers that they be drunkards and beasts, so they can treat them as such. Shipowners could not get men so cheap and with such little trouble if they were not herded together in sailor boarding dens, where they are plied with the vilest kind of liquor until their money is gone and they are in debt and at the mercy of their natural enemies, so they can send them off to any place and in any ship and for any pay, it is no matter so long as the crimp gets the advance he wants; and when the poor fellows get on board there are in many cases a pack of assassins and rascals of the vilest order who are placed in the superior positions because of their brutish capabilities and lack of feeling. I have heard these men boast they never pay a sailor if they can help it, and these same beasts drank more whiskey in a week than a sailor gets in a year. It is this sort of thing that makes a man doubt God. They wonder why God permits it; they cannot see it is the devil's work and not God's, and that if they would only serve God honestly and truly themselves it would not be long before these evils would cease and brutality on board ship would be a thing of the past. Besides a Christian need not go in those ships; he can always get something better, for he does not squander his money and put himself at the mercy of such people. May our God bestow His choicest blessings upon you and keep you, my dear brother. Trusting this will find you happy in Jesus, I remain ever your brother in Christ."

"Dear, dear brother JACK, I love you because I know you are one of the King's sons, and because you crave to see others adopted into the family. Is it not grand to know that we are the children of a King, and that our dear elder brother is always beside us? We had a long passage and grand meetings. The men love them and me. It will please you to hear that out of nineteen souls in the crew sixteen are total abstainers."

"We do quite a thriving work at the

Mariners' Church at Madison and Catharine Streets. Rev. S. BOULT, an ex-sailor, the pastor, is a hard toiler and successful worker in the Master's vineyard, and not often a meeting passes by without seeing some soul seeking Christ, and the Sunday evening services are specially good."

"Speaking of not being afraid to let the other men see me reading the Book of books, I can say that only one or two passed any remarks about it. I have learned to be a Daniel, not only in that but anything that is right."

"We are doing grand work for the Master at Hankow; we have eight more brothers in the ship since we have been here, so you can see that prayer has been answered. We are having some good meetings on board, Mondays and Fridays in our stoke-hole, and Tuesdays on the seamen's mess deck, and can tell you that we are getting some rich blessings from the Lord."

"Will there be any objection to my bringing a young missionary to speak to our friends in the prison, he is a young man who is travelling through Japan." [There were two converts at this meeting. Ed.]

From a ship captain:

"I was pleased to hear from you and know your work at the mission was growing. I have often thought of you and your work, also remembered the many pleasant hours spent with you. I do believe your work with my crew was a power of good to them. We had a rough passage out, got a typhoon in the China sea; lost one man overboard; had one boat washed away; fore-castle doors and skylights stove in, &c.; was one hundred and forty-three days coming out, lots of calm first of voyage. I have a good crew this voyage; I let part of them go to church on Sunday."

"We have been having some splendid times here since our return, especially at Miss JOHNSTONE'S. Much good seed has been sown, and I am glad to say not a little has fallen on good ground. Many of our ships are now at Hong Kong."

"I asked him (Capt. B.) for permission to hold services in the cabin, 'yes, of course,' but he seemed to get an idea into his head that services were a money-making scheme. They failing to be that, he had no more use for them. I asked the men if they would like service in the fore-castle; they all said yes, and we continued them all the rest of the passage. God

was present in all our meetings and good seed sown, I know. We met Mrs. CASARA several times; if ever a woman was cut out for sailors she was. She is really in the right place."

"I hope you are settled now and are able to go ahead with a joyful heart and loving spirit for His cause, and remember we are not doing it in vain, but the Lord will work His Spirit into the least of what we do for Him earnestly."

Argentine Republic.

BUENOS AYRES.

Mr. WM. FOSTERJOHN writes on August 30:

It is my painful duty to acquaint you of the death of our beloved missionary, Mr. McCARTHY. Our dear friend had undergone two operations at the British hospital, from which he seemed to be making satisfactory progress, but to the surprise of all he passed away suddenly at 5 p. m. on the 26th inst. Words are a poor instrument to express our feelings in a case of this kind; we mourn a friend, but, thank God, we mourn not without hope, for we know that our dear brother now bears the victor's palm. Mr. McCARTHY was a man who endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. Now that he has passed away our mind reverts to his many kindly actions, always so ready to help and be of use. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss. Our heart bleeds for her in her sad distress, May God comfort and cheer her. The funeral was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends. Our president, the Rev. J. W. FLEMING, B.D., conducted a service at the hospital, and Messrs. TORRE, FLETCHER, FINKLE and COOKE, all old friends of the deceased, delivered short addresses at the grave.

Madeira.

FUNCHAL.

Mr. W. G. SMART writes on September 8:

We have had the United States training ships *Enterprise* and *St. Mary's* here; the boys of these vessels used our Sailors' Rest very largely, and last Sunday I held a very fully attended service on board the *St. Mary's*. Captain REEDER was ready to render every assistance. On the previous Tuesday I took my magic lantern on board and the boys were pleased.

H. M. S. *Charybdis* and three small craft *en route* to the West Indies called here; many men came to the Rest and I paid a visit to the larger vessel. Two large and two small English men-of-war are hourly expected, also bound to the West Indies; also three German and two more American men-of-war are due this month, so we shall have our hands full. The mail steamers are constantly visited and many tracts and booklets are given away.

I should like through the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* to ask for prayer all over the States for the boys in our training ships; they have very many temptations when they come ashore in the various foreign ports they touch at. God will surely answer the prayers of Christian fathers and mothers on behalf of these boys and save them from sin. A boy from the *St. Mary's* is in hospital here, and I went on Sunday to see him, but he was too ill to be seen.

[At Ports in the United States.

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.

The Rev. JOHN O. BERGH writes on October 1:

As is usual in the summer time the interest and attendance at the meetings diminished somewhat in the three months of the hot season. The meetings have retained their spiritual warmth, however, and some souls have been brought into the fold. The Scandinavian work has developed into an independent missionary enterprise with quarters of their own, where the work could be prosecuted with better results. We are sorry to have them depart, and yet we would most heartily bid them God speed. We are persuaded that an important work has been launched, and rejoice in the fact that it had its beginning at the Seamen's Bethel.

The Home has been better patronized this summer than last. And though the better time promised has not materialized as far as the sailors are concerned, we are happy to have them brought under the uplifting influence of the Home. The shipping has been fairly good, especially so the month of August; and although not a very large number of vessels have been in port, we have received the trade of most of them.

Religious services held, 17; attendance at services, 379, of sailors, 151; conversions, 3; attendance at reading room, 1,480; letters received for sailors, 455; letters written by sailors, 203; bundles of reading matter distributed, 204; 5 Bibles, 43 books and 170 magazines given away; visits to vessels, 233; vessels at the docks, 139; foreign vessels, 10; libraries exchanged, 14; men shipped, 160; new arrivals at the Home, 70; total number of men at Home, nearly 1,000.

New York.

THE NAVY YARD.

Mr. J. M. WOOD writes on September 30:

A deep religious feeling exists among the men-o'-war's men at this yard, and large numbers are seeking the kingdom of God. Inquirers have come to me in such numbers that I felt it an imperative duty to hold after-meetings at the close of our regular services, and they have been attended with blessed results. At the first one forty-eight seamen remained, at the second, fifty-four, and at the third, sixty-three. It was a solemn sight, and one which made angels shout and sing to see all these men upon their knees crying to God for pilotage. Many prayers and testimonies were given by men redeemed, many backsliders are turning their weary feet towards their Father's house again, and many unsaved ones have heard from the very lips of the Son of God the words which set them free. I have felt for a long time that the seas of earth were to be swept for God, and desire the prayers of every Christian who may read this report, to the end that starting from this yard a great revival wave may sweep over the waters.

A gratifying feature of the work is that many men come to me every day at the hall without solicitation, to talk about things eternal. After a recent night service one of the men stopped me on the dock and drawing me aside, evidently in deep distress and under conviction of sin, told me he thought he had committed the unpardonable sin. I told him that the unpardonable sin to my mind was the wilful, continued rejection of Christ and His claims, but the very fact of his distress and his talking to me at that mo-

ment was positive proof that the Holy Spirit was still striving with him, and advised him to surrender right then and there. Last night he stood up at our service with his face beaming with joy and testified in a thrilling way of his love for Christ and the cleansing power of His blood to wipe out every stain of sin.

I have received this month seventy-four comfort bags from Oneida, Geneva and Chittenango, N. Y.; Cottage City, Mass., and Vineland, N. J. Six seamen came to me the other day, all under conviction of sin, and I presented each one with a bag, and pasted on the flyleaf of each Testament therein a printed card, reading as follows: "A marvellous fact: God so loved.....that He gave His only begotten Son that if.....believeth in Him.....should not perish but have everlasting life," with the request that each man fill in his name in the blank spaces. Then underscoring each word of John iii: 16, with a blue pencil, I got on my knees and prayed God to send His Word home with such power that each man would be won to Christ. Already two of these men have acknowledged Jesus as their Saviour.

The government has added at a very large expenditure a magnificent new wing to the Naval Hospital, and have a finely fitted up chapel for divine service. At our meeting there this month twenty were present, and just half the number asked for prayers. Upon the kindly invitation of Captain COLBY M. CHESTER, U. S. N., commanding U. S. S. *Cincinnati*, Mrs. Wood and myself took charge of a Sabbath morning service on the 12th inst. aboard that vessel. Several officers were in attendance, and a goodly number of the crew. This was a farewell service, as the ship sailed the next day for a three years' cruise on the South Atlantic Station, and for this reason the audience were particularly thoughtful, and in a tender, receptive mood, and the great Pilot was indeed among us, and we believe, under God, that service will be heard from when the mists have rolled away. I took for my theme Christ as the Saviour of the world, and held up His name as the only name whereby we must be saved.

In company with chaplain BOORUM I paid a visit to CARTER, in the Raymond Street jail, who is charged with the death of his shipmate on the battleship *Indiana*, and will soon be put on trial for his life. I spoke a few kindly words to him as I grasped his hand, and when I bid

him good-by I handed him the Word of God through the grated bars with the same grand verse underscored, John iii: 16, and turning away I uttered a silent prayer for his salvation from sin.

A short time ago as I passed over the gangway of one of our war ships, I engaged in conversation with one of the young officers of the vessel, and he spoke very feelingly of Dr. STITT and his annual visit to the Naval Academy, and how gratefully appreciative the members of the graduating class were for the presentation of books to them and the helpful words of the Secretary of the Society. This officer informed me that he should always cherish the Bible presented to him as a keepsake he could never forget. The Society has a large number of naval officers who are warm adherents of their work, and this number will steadily increase as the years go by. I append some letters received this month:

"I am not living nearly as close to my Saviour as I want to live. Have you ever found out how weak and helpless we are without God's strength? and how easy it is to do those things we ought not to do, and to forget the right, when the wrong seems so very pleasant to us? Yet I know that God has been watching over and leading me through it all, and I believe He has a work for me to do in His vineyard somewhere; where, I do not know, but the road He wishes me to go, that road will be opened to me. I long to get back under the gracious influence of those Cob Dock services, and a great many of the crew have expressed the same desire. I have seen thirty or forty men from our ship alone attend those meetings, who never before went to religious services, and they all speak so highly of Mrs. Wood's singing. God bless you and your wife is my prayer."

"I have been thinking of you and the wonderful meetings in the hall ever since the departure of our ship, and I am glad to say that I am trying to be a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus. He has been very kind and loving and merciful to me lately. When the devil assails me I call upon God, and He always hears my cry and delivers me. What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord. God bless you in your work."

"Since my discharge from the navy I have been very unfortunate in temporal things, but I have been kept from sinking by reading the blessed promise 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' I may well sing as I go:

Jesus, my Saviour, is all things to me,
O what a wonderful Saviour is He!
Guiding, protecting, o'er life's stormy sea,
Mighty deliverer, Jesus for me.

I often think of you and your wife, and
pray very often for you."

I am very grateful to the donors for a large assortment of very interesting and helpful tracts received from Belfast, Ireland, and Hull, England, in English, Swedish and Norwegian.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

Rev. J. B. MERRITT writes on September 30:

The mission has not been so well attended by seamen during the warm weather but we have wrought on as best we could. Work for God and humanity can never become commonplace to one who feels his responsibility, so we have tried to do our best for those who have responded to our invitation.

Number of American ships, etc., in port since last statement, 312, all others, 19; religious services held in chapel, 26, elsewhere, 2; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 7, of others, 4; religious visits to hospitals, 92, on ships, &c., 331; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 33, tracts, &c., 7,000 pages.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

Mr. JAMES SPRUNT writes on October 1:

The new reading room will be opened in a few days; we have secured the services of a first-class man, who speaks several languages, and who is a sailor from the United States revenue cutter, with a very high character of eight years' standing; he will be much more efficient in bringing the men to the room than the class of people we have been employing in that capacity hitherto.

This place has become quite as important a seaport as Charleston. We have nine large cotton steamers in port, also a number of sailing craft, which gives us between three hundred and four hundred sailors to provide for, who would otherwise be left to the influences of the Water Street slums, which are notorious-ly bad here as well as elsewhere.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on October 1:

Number of American ships, etc., in port since last statement, 5, all others, 27; religious services held in chapel, 5, in hospital, 3; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 8, of others, 5; religious visits to hospital, 3, on vessels, 3; Bibles distributed, 3, viz., 1 Russian, 1 Italian, 1 English, many magazines and papers. Nineteen seamen asked for special prayer for themselves.

The usual monthly entertainment was omitted this month, in accordance with the recommendation of the Board of Health. We expected to have an entertainment somewhat different from our customary concert, but we cheerfully deferred to the wisdom of these guardians of the public safety.

Washington.

TACOMA.

The Rev. R. S. STUBBS writes on September 24:

We have been occupying two rooms, which I had fitted up in the rear end of our Bethel building for the past two years so that we might be as close as possible to our work. Last Sunday night, when I was unwell, friends came down and helped my wife hold our Bethel services, and one poor wanderer came back to the Father. The enemy of all righteousness confronted the convicted one and he seemed to get aground on the bar that lies at the mouth of the haven of refuge; and, as I lay in the room adjoining the chapel, and heard the prayers and the cries for his deliverance, I left my bed and hastened to his side, where my wife and several others were kneeling, and together we poured out our cries to God to pluck this poor soul as "a brand plucked out of the fire." Soon he was tided over the bar of doubt, and his face became radiant with God's peace in his heart. I returned to my bed giving glory to our God and Saviour. Among those present was a shipmaster, advanced in years, from "away down East." He has become one of the acceptable witnesses in our meetings. A few weeks ago he first came to our Bethel and seemed to

be as stolid and well nigh as wooden as the chair he sat on. At that time he rather smiled patronizingly upon us in our earnest efforts to save men. We meet a large class of these benumbed members, people who have been, in early life, environed by a religious atmosphere and by a compulsory process have been enrolled as church members. They believe in moderate drinking, card-playing, theatre going, and attendance upon church services on some part of Sundays. Very nice, virtuous people; religiously all right in their own sight. They are very difficult to reach and often seem bewildered when we ask them if they have been converted. These instances of conviction and conversion of souls at the altar of our seamen's Bethels, both British and American, throughout the world, are not only God's vindication of the evangelical system which is inseparable from our seamen's Bethels, and Homes, and Rests, but they constitute their *raison d'être*, yea more, they constitute the charm and cheer of the work in these peculiar and important fields. Far be the day from us when we shall cease to labor for and expect these blessed fruits.

An immense shipment of wheat from Washington this fall necessitates an increased fleet of vessels and they are already arriving; a class of large, heavy tonnage ships, and we hope for wisdom and grace to minister to the crews during their brief stay at this port.

Puget Sound, August, Customs Report shows: arrivals, 120 American vessels, and 69 foreign vessels from foreign ports; clearances, 119 American vessels, and 68 foreign vessels for foreign ports. Imports, total valued at \$288,000; and exports at \$638,000. Times seem to be steadily improving.

The Planets for November, 1897.

MERCURY will not be visible.

VENUS will be visible in the morning before sunrise.

MARS will not be visible.

JUPITER will be visible in the morning before sunrise.

SATURN will not be visible.

METEORS. After midnight on the morning of November 13, meteors (shoot-

ing stars) may be very abundant, radiating from a point in the constellation Leo. The magnificent "shower" of 1833—"the time the stars fell"—is due about 1899, and early risers on November 13 should look for something of a "shower" this year.

Also, in the evening of November 27 or 28, many meteors may be seen; appearing all to move from a radiant in the constellation Andromeda.

Princeton.

T. R.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

Total arrivals..... 93

Receipts for September, 1897.

MAINE.

Sunset, Deer Isle, Ada D. Southworth, \$ 10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Franklin, Congregational Church.... 4 00
Stockbridge, a friend, for library.... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Clinton, Chas. A. Wright..... 2 00
Greenwich, Sunday School of Second Congregational Church..... 24 15
Manchester, Second Congregational Church..... 5 63
Old Saybrook, Congregational Ch... 4 75
Somers, Congregational Church.... 1 50
Stratford, Congregational Church... 25 00

NEW YORK.

Ithaca, First Congregational Church of Christ, for library..... 20 00
New York City, collections on board steamers of the International Navigation Co.'s lines, received per H. G. Phillips, cashier..... 150 68
Received (per Messrs. Henderson Bros.) proceeds of concert held on board Anchor Line S. S. *Furnessia*, on her late passage from Glasgow (£5)..... 24 20
Theophilus A. Brouwer..... 15 00
A friend of seamen..... 10 00
Chas. C. Beaman..... 5 00

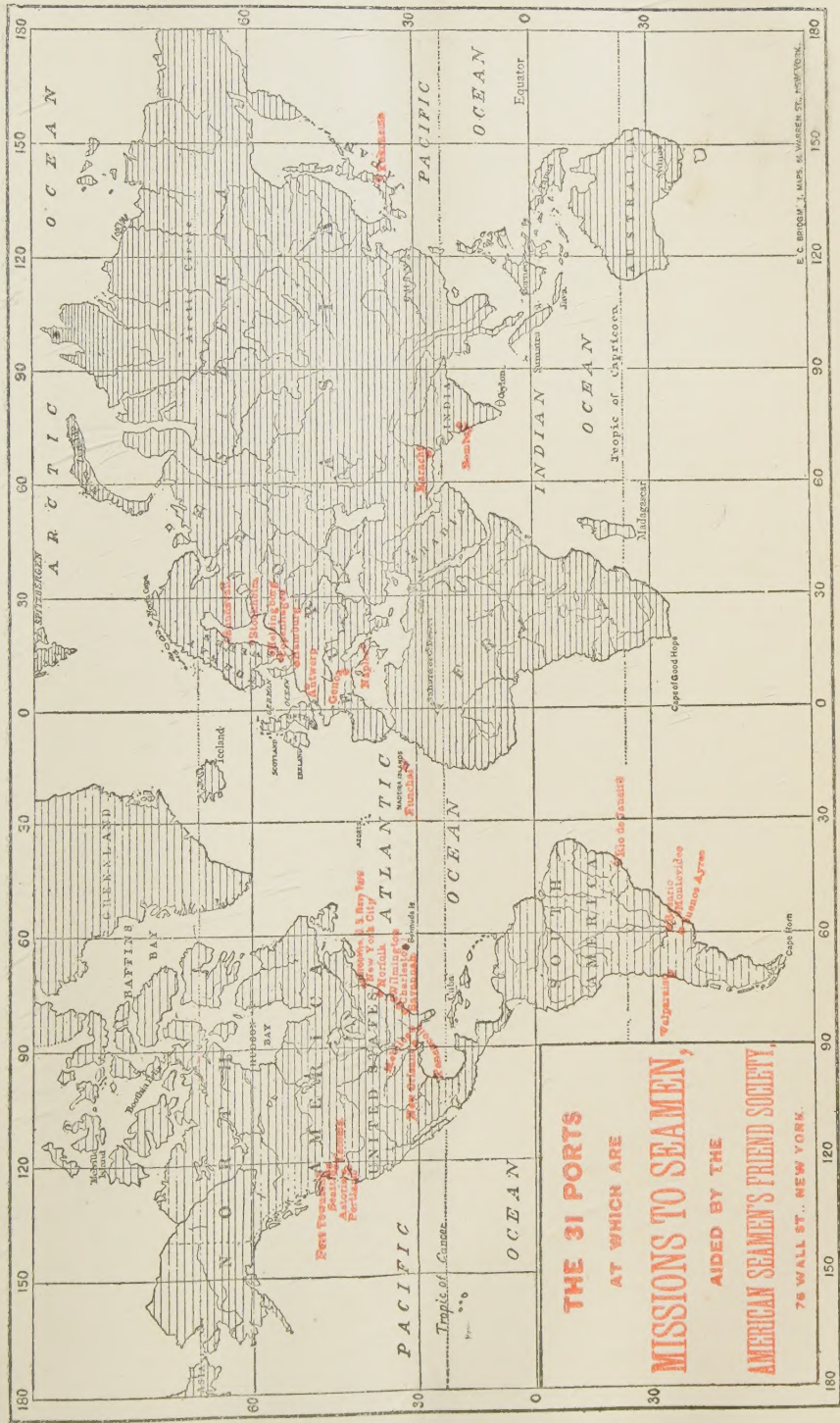
NEW JERSEY.

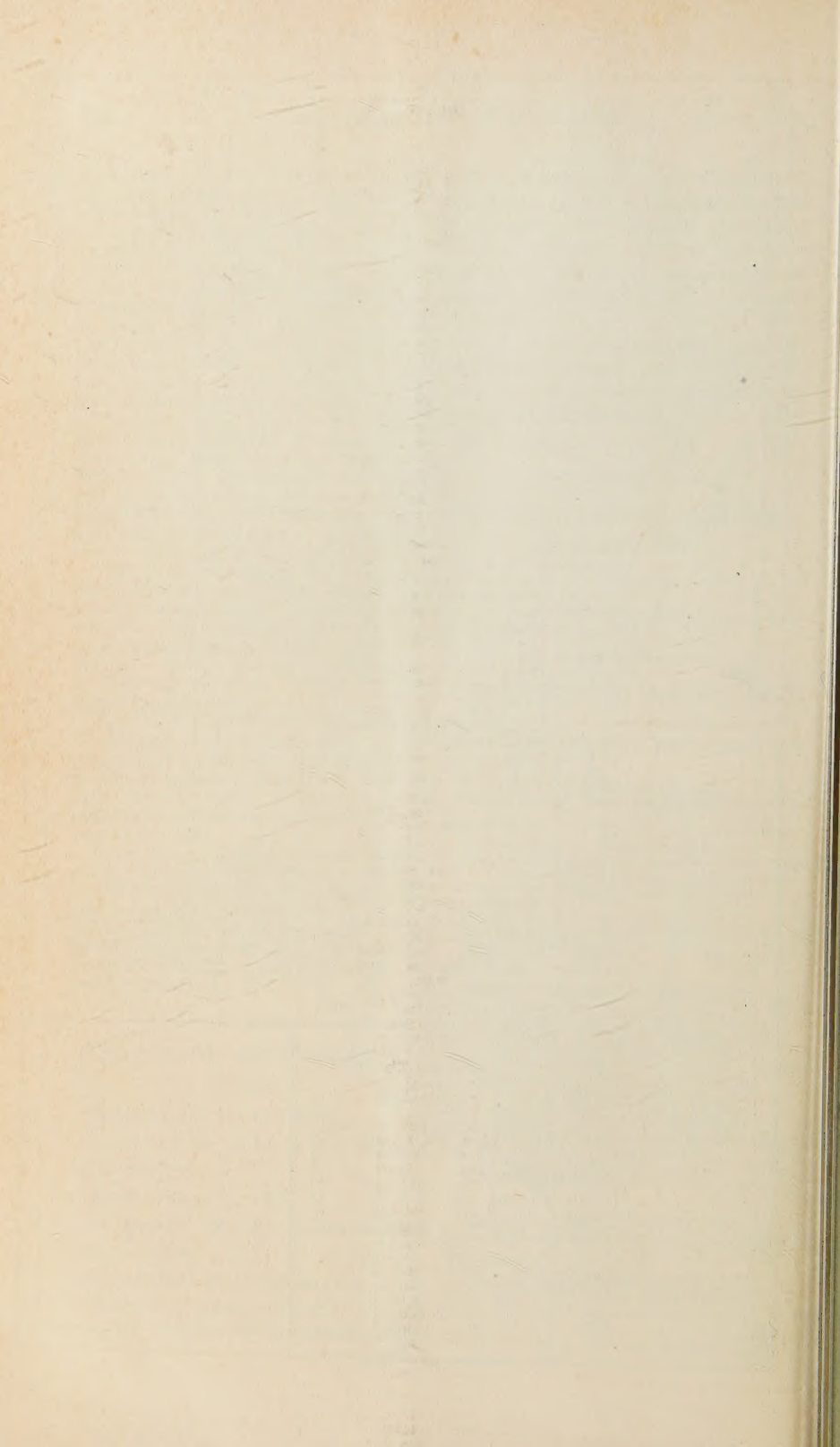
Morristown, Mary T. Baldwin, to refit library No. 9,424..... 12 00

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga, Mrs. Margaret A. Lyle, for library in memory of the Rev. W. W. Lyle..... 20 00

\$353 91





INFORMATION FOR SEAMEN.

LIST OF CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES, Etc., AIDED BY THIS SOCIETY.

SWEDEN, Stockholm.....	J. T. Hedstrom.
" Sundsvall.....	Rev. E. Eriksson.
" Gottenborg.....	Christian Nielsen.
DENMARK, Copenhagen.....	Rev. A. Wollesen.
GERMANY, Hamburg.....	British & American Sailors' Inst., H. M. Sharpe.
BELGIUM, Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
ITALY, Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
" Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
INDIA, Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, F. Wood, Superintendent.
" Karachi.....	W. H. Dowling
JAPAN, Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
" Kobe.....	J. M. Harmon.
" Nagasaki.....	
CHILE, Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home and Mission.
" Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home & Mission, George Nye.
MADEIRA, Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors & Sailors' Rest, Wm. Geo. Smart.
MASSACHUSETTS, Gloucester.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Inst., Rev. E. C. Charlton.
CONNECTICUT, New Haven.....	Woman's Sea, Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev.
NEW YORK, New York City.....	Capt. Wm. Dollar.
" Brooklyn, U. S. Navy Yard.....	J. M. Wood.
VIRGINIA, Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
NORTH CAROLINA, Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. Jas. Carmichael.
SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society, Rev. C. E. Chichester.
FLORIDA, Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
GEORGIA, Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
ALABAMA, Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
LOUISIANA, New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, Rev. R. E. Steele.
OREGON, Portland.....	Portland Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. A. Robinson.
" Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormack.
WASHINGTON, Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
" Seattle.....	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.
" Port Townsend.....	Pt. Townsend Sea, Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

Directory of Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 104 Market St	Seamen's Aid Society.....	James F. Slaughter.
BOSTON, Mass., N. Sq., Mariners' House	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
" Sailors' Christian Home.....	Lad. Beth. Soc., N. Bennet St	George Smith.
" Charlestown, 46 Water St	Epis. City Mission.....	John Allen, Supt.
" East Boston, 120 Marginal St.	" " " " " "	James M. Battles, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	E. Williams.
NEW YORK, N. Y., 190 Cherry Street..	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	F. Alexander, Lessee.
" 52 Market St.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	H. Smith.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
" 112 First Place.....	Finnish Luth. Sea. Home..	
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott
BALTIMORE, Md., 418 South Ann Street	" " " " " "	Miss Ellen Brown
" 1737 Thames St.....	Port Miss., Woman's Aux'y	(Capt. J. C. Abbott, Supt
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilmington Port Society..	(Miss Aisquith, Matron.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 Market St.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Capt. H. G. Cordes.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society	
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	N. O. Sea. Friend Society..	Halvor Iverson.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	S. F. Sea. Friend Soc'y.....	Capt. Melvin Staples.
PORTLAND, Ore.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	Rev. A. Robinson.
NEW HAVEN, Conn.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

Location.	Aided by	Missionaries.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	Rev. F. Southworth
BOSTON, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" Walter J. Swaffield
" Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
" East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
GLOUCESTER, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	Gloucester Fish'men's Inst.	" E. C. Charlton.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society	" E. Williams.
NEW HAVEN, Conn. Bethel, 61 Water.	Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y	" John O. Bergh.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Catharine C. Madison	New York Port Society.....	" Samuel Boult.
" 128 Charlton Street.....	" W. S. Branch	Mr. John McCormack.
" 34 Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
" 665 Washington Street.....	The Sea. Christian Ass'n..	
" No. 341 West Street, N. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" W. A. A. Gardiner.
" 21 Coenties Slip.....	" " " " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
" 53 Beaver St.....	Finnish Lutheran Sea. Ch..	" V. K. Durchman.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard..	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	Mr. J. M. Wood.
" 31 Atlantic Avenue.....	New York Port Society....	
" 193 9th Street, near 3rd Avenue..	Dan. Ev. Luth. Sea. Miss'n.	Rev. R. Andersen.
" Erie Basin.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Isaac Maguire.
Scandinavian Seamen's Church,		
William St., near Richard St.....	Nor. Luth. Sea. Mission....	" Jakob Bo.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., c. Front & Union.	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
" N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts.	Episcopal.....	" Francis W. Burch.
" Front Street, above Navy Yard..	Baptist.....	" " "
" Washington Ave. and Third St..	Methodist.....	" W. Downey.
" Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	" " " " " "	" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, Md., Aliceanna & Lethel Sts	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" G. W. Heyoe.
" No. 815 S. Broadway.....	Port Mission.....	Mr. Kirby S. Willis.
NORFOLK, Va., Water St., near Madison	Norfolk Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	Rev. J. F. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society..	" J. Carmichael, D. D.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St.	Charleston Port Society....	" C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH, Ga.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" H. Iverson.
PENSACOLA, Fla.....	" " " " " "	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
MOBILE, Ala., Church St., near Water	" " " " " "	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Fulton & Jackson.	Presbyterian.....	" R. E. Steele.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	San Francisco Port Society	" J. Rowell.
PORTLAND, Ore.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" A. Robinson.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

JAMES W. ELWELL, *President.*

CHAS. A. STODDARD, D.D., *Vice-President.*

W. C. STITT, D.D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, *Treasurer.*

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W. IRVING COMES,
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W. HALL ROPES,
76 Wall Street, New York.
NORMAN FOX, D.D.,
Morristown, N. J.
JOHN E. LEECH,
94 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of the Constitution).—"The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the Gospel, and other religious blessings."

CHAPLAINS.—In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLANDS, ICELAND, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA. A list of the chaplains, who will always be ready to befriend the sailor, is given on the preceding page.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—An important part of the Society's work, and one greatly blessed of God to the good of seamen, is that of placing on board ships going to sea, libraries composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it is communicated as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1897, was 10,379. Calculating 12,141 reshipments, their 553,685 volumes have been accessible to more than 395,037 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools. Twenty dollars furnishes a library.

THE SAILORS' HOME. No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society, and is leased under careful, judicious restrictions. It is unsurpassed in comfort by any Sailors' Home in the world; its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but many seamen have there been led to Christ. Destitute, shipwrecked seamen are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society resides in the HOME, and religious and temperance meetings are held daily. The Lessee receives and cares for the savings of his sailor guests and a large amount has thus been saved to seamen and their families.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this MAGAZINE.